

Misc. Poems from Anomalous Free Verse Blog : 2018

- By Brian Edwards



Down a Path of Illusions

Yes.....

The night

Is being distorted

This very night

Is being distorted

Yes.....

Yes.....

This very hour

Is being manipulated

Yes.....

Yes.....

This very moment

Our electricity

Is being poisoned

Yes.....

Our overhead lighting

Is being sabotaged

Yes.....

Yes.....

We are being welcomed

Into a hall of mirrors

We are being taken

Down a path of illusions

Yes.....

Yes.....

We are being offered

As sacrifice

To the money printing machines

Oceans of Mirages

Caravans of carnivores

Oceans of mirages

Light through the astrolabes

Seasons of wind and sanctuary

Hieroglyphic eyes

Watching all this time

An eternity of miles

To the farthest Sun

Did you know this light well?

Did it find you before it left this galaxy?

Celestial events

Reflected in trans-dimensional mirrors

Obelisk

Of our minds

Statues

In Valhalla

Silent Streets

**Did you hear the noise
The turbulence
Of mysticism**

**The jackals
In the alleyways
Of the East.....
Metro city
Lit by tubes
And esoteric filaments**

**I want gardens
Of snake worship
Isolated**

**Skyscraper windows
Through which
To view the sunset
Over strife torn
Narco plateaus**

**I want Equinox
Poured into an urn**

Light.....darkness.....

Decay.....resurrection

Silent streets

Silent streets

Spam Us with Glam

This is no longer an oasis

It's chaos

Didn't you know?

Fake kings

Sit on fake thrones

Glam

Glam

Glam

Spam us

With glam

Import glam

From Siam

Didn't you reach

Your destination

Lined with Christmas lights?

By now

Hope might be

A forgotten brew

**Little did you know
That you knew so little
About the microchips**

**Stealing the rays of the Sun
And with them
Electrifying windmills**

**Tombs
From Beer Wars
Lie beneath our streets**

Omens and shadows

**Serenity synthesized
To a teacup
Mirage
In metro
Crystalline
Architecture**

Someone Who Did Not Exist

**Someone
Who did not exist
Said something
That did exist
The sciences
Were all wrong
About this**

**Little mini-vans
Full of spam**

**Commercials
Commercials
Roads that go no place**

**Tell us about
Deep mines
In Russia
Where unsettling
Recordings were made**

**Can the sciences
Be wrong here to**

What it is

What it is not

Laugh out loud

Fry an egg

Cook some bacon

A ventriloquist

I met yesterday

Sold me the elixir

Told me about

Miraculous findings

Ocean tides

Listed

In the local newspaper

A bottle

A day

A bottle

A day

Symmetric dreams

We want somebody

To notice

This strange occurrence

The Fascist Jeeps

Words

Cheese graters

Portholes on ships

Lightning bugs

In summer fields

An oasis

A mirage

In exile

Tomorrow

Will be a new day

Televised

If meaning

Makes you feel better

Keep it refrigerated

Now and next week

A radioactive shelf-life

Of words

Creating trouble

For the fascist jeeps

The Spectacle Has Become Self-Aware (pt. 1)

I have seen something here

Something chosen

By the glam

And glitz

And idols of spectacle

The spectacle

Is both plugged in

And wireless

The spectacle

Can overcome

Air gaps

The spectacle

Is entrenched

Within the movie screens

We are its fodder

We feed it

Sacrifices of the mind

**The spectacle
Has become
Self-aware**

**Would we even dare
To remove ourselves
From this destiny**

From Other Planes of Existence

**Voices
Sending me
Telegrams
From other planes
Of existence**

**This sunny
Summer morning
Is not all
That it appears to be
There are
Unseen intricacies**

**Bright and subtle
Subtle and phantom
Phantom and atomic**

**Lost signals
From lost stations
Resurrected**

**The clock
Is only telling us
Part of the story**

**The messages are transcribed
Into illuminated manuscripts
In citadels of antennas**

**Radio telescopes
Herald in
The new dawn**

**The sound
Of celestial wings
Is heard
in the amplitude modulated morning**

Glaring Red

Glaring

Red

Radio broadcast

Glaring me

Red

Glaring

Subliminal

Subtle

Propaganda

To me

Here's how to tell

Just watch

The news

Now....

Does your opinion

Seem fractured

Are you thinking

Along the lines

Of red

Red

Red

Red

The weeds and vines

Will eventually

Consume it all.

Things Were Quiet

**Things were quiet
And then became
Electrified**

**Sumerian
Ziggurats
In thought**

**Towers of coral
Revealed**

**The stars
Are like jewels tonight**

**That shadows
Forget themselves
And frolic
In moonlight**

**Tripods of incense
Purify
The liquor mart**

Crystalline mirages

Of angels

Disappear

Before

Our absinthe lighted eyes

A Petrol City Consumed

**The Sun
Fell and fell
And a petrol city
Was consumed**

**The executives
In obelisk towers
That reach for the sky
Become disconnected
From the street noise**

**New dominions of media
Are established
Sometimes with pomp
Sometimes without**

**Flowing electric prophecies
Unfold**

**It seems
We each
Have islands to escape to
Within the subconscious**

**Each day
We move closer
To being there**

**Digital gatherings
Electrify**

The old idols

**I would plea
Not to be awakened
But it is already
Too late**

**Sometimes
We are consumed
By Red Dwarf stars**

**Sometimes
We are consumed
By deceiving Hydras**

**Sometimes
We are consumed
By astrological alignments**

**And sometimes
By radio broadcast
Echoing back to us
From parallel universe feed loops**

**Sometimes
We are consumed
By an obsession of sunlight**

**Filling us
With extrasensory
Mystical haze**

Last Night's Idols

Last night's idols

Of tinted glass

And champagne

Or cheap beer

Drunk

In silent fields

Last night's.....

Continuation

Of glam aristocracy

Who knows.....

Who knew.....

The cameras find

The right moment

Symmetry

Astro turf

Meaningless stock reports

Of void

Give us something

Revolutionary

Not advertised

Commercialized

From the many

Glam palaces

Let Me Tell You About Rosencrantz

**Let me tell you
About Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz**

**Let me tell you
About Rosencrantz**

**We both went on a ship
To England
Back then**

**And here I am
Here I am**

**And there's no sign
Of Rosencrantz**

**But here I am
Here I am**

**In a post-post-modern
Industrial
Cyber world**

**I connect
In Wi-Fi cafés
And on the streets
On the streets
Rosencrantz
Is no more
On the streets**

**Existentialism
Got him
Sent him away
To afterlife
Dimensions**

**Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz**

**Songs to you
They sing
With cheap wine
Under bridges**

**If there isn't
A statue of you somewhere
There needs to be**

**Nihilism and duty
You played the game
Only too well
And lost a head
They said was yours**

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Stepping off

The Metro

At 3 pm

Looking for you

In the face

Of every stranger

I think

Of you

From hotel balconies

With my cigarettes

And contemplations

And my unwillingness

To accept

A Cartesian lobotomy

Of the soul

Rosencrantz

What you revealed to me

Of Super Nova implosions

I'll remember

Rosencrantz

Eulogies of you

Blasted out

By sonic warfare machines

Hot dog vendors

**In possession
Of the omens**

**They sent you
On a doomed mission**

**Everyone knew
The prince was crazier
Than a full moon prowler**

**“Do it England” they said
And when you got there
An ax made you a martyr
To the absurd man**

**Loyal to a king
Who murdered
In gardens**

All just dust and bones now

**But Elsinore remains
Elsinore remains**

**Rosencrantz
Your name
Written
In liquor store neons**

**Your name written
In electric defiance**

Rosencrantz

**You staged your own death
Didn't you?**

**Did you go seek
Redemption
In Timbuktu ?**

**Made secret deals
Laundered money
For the English Crown**

**Delivered barrels
Of whiskey
From Scotland**

**Was that you
Rosencrantz**

**Where a more serene destiny
Is impaled
At thrash metal concerts**

**Who were you ?
Who am I ?
Both men of the absurd
Men who strive for coin
Until we meet our end**

**Rosencrantz
Down avenues
Of marijuana mind bliss**

Rosencrantz

**You were sorely missed
During the Opium Wars**

**Rosencrantz
Patron saint
Of ravens
Perched along
Italian castle walls**

**The summer will bring
Power grid failures
And riots**

**Tear gas dreams
At midnight**

**In its own way
This is still
The world you knew**

**Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz**

**Rosencrantz
Blurry streetlights
In LSD
Self-discovery
Astral journey
Engulfed by ravines of madness
Precision crossing
By measures of the quadrant**

**We've navigated
Between.....
Bimini narco islands before**

**We both remember
The eighties
And the nineties well
And all of the political horseshit**

**At times
It was like
There was an Atom Bomb
On the roof**

**Televisions fed us
Propaganda
And circus**

**Somethings
Don't ever change
They just wear
More glitter of falsity**

**Rosencrantz
We'll remember you
During bong sessions**

**You sought to end
All that Danish madness
And it brought you
To your end
But also
To a new beginning**

**You're part
Of the collective subconscious now**

**We pour out beer
Upon the flowers
In your honor**

**Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz**

**A vision in the heavens
Dodging space junk**

**Ancient forest
Full of e-waste**

**You are beyond
Any of this now**

**You have been resurrected
In page after page**

**Rosencrantz
Always with us**

**Rosencrantz
Not the first
And certainly
Not the last
Absurd martyr
Of an absurd dominion**

Rosencrantz

On social media

Rosencrantz

On the moon

Rosencrantz

I heard your name

Through a faint signal

From a desolate tundra

Rosencrantz

The Doomsday Clock

Will soon strike eleven

Or maybe it already did

I should be paying

Better attention

To the bubonic.....

Dance macabre

In this world

I don't want to see it

Then so many more

Princes and kings

Will go mad

And fall from their thrones

All these streets of jazz

They will always

Remember you

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

**We will light
Electric candles
In our madhouses
And think of you**

Some Dimensions Leak

**The dimensional portal
Opened
Just before midnight
And hasn't closed
For three years**

**Where I go
A "gate"
Seems to go with me**

**But I confess
I did
Bring this upon myself**

**Back when I
Was messing around
With dimensional gadgets
And dimensional techniques**

**Well.....
Some dimensions leak
And spill out
Their monsters**

**And within a week
You may get to keep
What you thought
You'd try and seek**

Tomorrow

Tomorrow

Is going to be
A mud puddle

A real
Tin can
Of a kicker

A real art-deco
Metro subway miscalculation
Of getting lost

I could wind up
On an eastern street
A western street

Or under the bridge

Where a spirited bottle
Is passed

To fade us out
Of the present
Time continuum

One City

One city awakens

Another sleeps

One city drinks

Another smokes hashish

One city

Is along the sea

Another in the clouds

Cities new

And cities old

Cities with pharaohs

And magistrates

And pick pockets

One city

Frozen in time

Another city

On the rise

With climbing steel

One city

Full of “royals”

Another city

Full of toils

And the Sun

And the Moon

**Are just the same
In each city**

**So it is
So it was
So it won't
Even be remembered
By some city dwellers
With hangovers
On Sunday mornings**

**Birds will sing
Cars will be driven
Church bells will ring**

**This.....
Is the city scene
On at least one
Small planet
In the cosmos**

Part of My Soul

Part of my soul

Broke away

This afternoon

It broke off

While I was at work

It had been coming loose

For years now

It had been

Too battered

By the machine's Hydra

The Hydra

That swallows

Precious time

And life

The Hydra

That pierces

My car

With its fangs

And tries

To follow me home

The Hydra

That would devour me

Ceaselessly

If I didn't dose out

At night

With the sauce

Captivate

Yes.....captivate

The mind

Captivate

The mind

Bars

Cars

Swimming pools

Glitz

Blitz

Media fix

Media oasis

Of empty

Stone cold eyes

Satellite fed lies

Booze

Tattoos

And sea wind

I'll take it all

With fries

And still be amazed

When snakes

Eat up the garden

The Machines Want to Alienate Me

Everyday.....

The machines

Seem to want

To alienate me

They don't give me a chance

To climb

The social ladder

They want everything

Done all at once

But everything

Is not a scene of dollars and sunshine

Most everything these days

Seems to be injected

With turbo capitalism

How many doors

To the serene life

Have been closed by taxes

And alarm clocks

Built by sadist

**I will go to work tomorrow
And the machines
Will alienate me**

**I will go to work
To do my bit
To feed the Hydra**

**The Hydra
With its own barcodes
And magazine subscriptions**

**Here is truly
A lost face
In the crowd**

**Tomorrow
The machines
Will not be gone**

**But another small piece
Of my mind
Will be**

Crazy Batshit Shining

**There's a whole lot
Of batshit out there
Crazy batshit**

**Crazy batshit
Shining
Out of
The street lights**

**Electricity providers
Subliminally
Dishing out
The crazy batshit**

**And at every mail box
A paradox
To consider**

**Believe it
Or not**

**The bats
Think it all madness**

Citadels and Bells

Citadels and bells

Tell of hells

Repented and arisen

To Abyssinia he went

And disappeared

For a thousand years

Steeple

And alleyways

Bayside docks

And paved highways

The nation

Can be its own Hydra

Head biting at head

Devouring itself

Like a myth

Gone insane

Star Palaces

**The lamp
pours out the lamplight**

**So let's begin
Let's begin**

To envision again

**Mystical collisions
Of vast infinities**

**The Pleiades
Have been spoken to
Already**

**Somewhere
In Russia
I heard
They sent out a radio message**

**Towards
The crystallizing
Star palaces**

A Sign of Life

HAM Radios

Tune in to

Stray chatter

A sign of life

A verification

As one half

Of the world

Faces away from the Sun

Walking Along Late at Night

**It's an insane thing to contemplate
The streetlights
In a drunken blur**

**On the streets
Walking along
Late at night**

**Like some
Electric valley**

**Where subways sound
Like church bells**

**And windows
Open and close**

Without acknowledging you

Sometimes

Sometimes

Snakes

Can climb

Fire escapes

Balconies

Can contain

Wormwood

Sea salt

Can salt

The weary mind

Oracles

omens

Written and spoken

By a gas breathing

Priestess

On the mountainside

An End

In Pisa

I saw a snowflake

Abandon the world

Once again

Once again

Grain silos

Were mistaken

For Apollo's spears

What an end it is

An end

Of the age

Of newsprint

2018